

THE
SILVER STOLE,

94266

BEING A COLLECTION OF

ONE HUNDRED TEXTS OF SCRIPTURE

AND

One Hundred Original Epitaphs,

SUITABLE FOR

THE GRAVE OF A CHILD.

Mania
Williams
BY J. W. CUMMINGS, D.D.,
OF NEW YORK.

1823 - 1866

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED FOR THE GREAT FAIR AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

TO BE SOLD FOR THE CHARITIES OF THE FAIR.

1859.

PRINTED BY
WYNKOOP, HALLENBECK & THOMAS,
No. 113 FULTON STREET,
NEW YORK.

Sept. 6, 1922 E.M.

TO THE
LADIES PATRONESSES
OF THE
Great Fair at the Academy of Music,
IN BEHALF OF THE
Sisters of Mercy,
THIS BOOK,
ILLUSTRATING, IN ITS MOST CONSOLING FORM, THE LAST CORPORAL WORK
OF MERCY, IS OFFERED RESPECTFULLY BY THE AUTHOR,
AS A SLIGHT GIFT TO THE NOBLE CAUSE OF
CHRISTIAN CHARITY, IN WHICH
THEY ARE ENGAGED.

NAMES OF LADIES CONDUCTING
THE
Fair at the Academy of Music.

OPENED DEC. 5TH, TO CLOSE DEC. 19TH, 1859.

Directress.

Mrs. JAMES W. WHITE.

Ladies Managers.

Mrs. MORTIMER LIVINGSTON,
Mrs. JOHN MANNING,
Mrs. WILLIAM E. PARSONS,
Mrs. PETER SMITH,
Mrs. JOHN P. MARTINOT,

Mrs. DE BIRMINGHAM,
MADAME DE TROBRIAND,
Mrs. ROBERT PARDOW,
Mrs. CORNELIUS FARLEY,
Miss DEVLIN.

Ladies Associates.

Mrs. THOMAS E. DAVIS,
Mrs. LEONTINE MARIE,
Mrs. WILLIAM S. DRAYTON,
Mrs. FRANCIS D. FOWLER,
Mrs. CHARLES M. LULING,
Mrs. SANFORD,
Mrs. CATHER,
Mrs. G. R. BARRY,
Mrs. SAMUEL F. TRACY,
Mrs. GENERAL MOSQUERA,
Mrs. GENERAL HERRAN,
Mrs. JAYME RIERA,
Mrs. JUSTO AROSEMENA,
Mrs. CHARLES M. KELLER,
Mrs. FREDERICK C. GEBHARD,
Mrs. FELIX CHAZOURNES,
Mrs. JOHN BRYAN,
Mrs. EMIL SAUER,

Mrs. LOUIS A. VON HOFFMAN,
Mrs. THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER,
Mrs. JUDGE DALY,
Mrs. JOHN BARRY,
Miss KERRIGAN,
Mrs. CAZET,
M^s. DUVIVIER,
Mrs. EDWARD CACHARD,
Mrs. AIMEE BLAINE,
Mrs. LEWIS J. WHITE,
Mrs. JOSEPH STRONG,
Mrs. JOHN WADSWORTH,
Mrs. THOMAS SLOCUMB,
Mrs. CASHMAN,
Mrs. P. MOONEY,
Mrs. JAMES MURPHY,
Miss ANDREWS,
Mrs. PHILIP COZANS,

Ladies Associates,

CONTINUED.

Mrs. MIGUEL CASTELLANOS,
Miss VALERINO,
Misses BURRAS,
Miss KELLY,
Miss DUGAN,
Miss MARTINOT,
Miss ADAMSON,
Miss LYNCH,
Mrs. JOHN E. DEVELIN,
Mrs. CHARLES W. BAKER,
Mrs. ADIRAN ISELIN,
Miss CUMMINGS,
Mrs. AUGUSTUS BONAUD,
Mrs. CHARLES ROCHETTE,
Mrs. GEORGE SCHERMERHORN,
Mrs. MACDOWALL,
Mrs. DECKER,
Misses ATOCHA,
Misses McMENOMY,
MADAME CHAS. DE MONTHOLON,
Mrs. SARAH PATRULLO,
Mrs. MANUEL ECHEVERRIA,
Mrs. RAFFAELE MOLINI,
Miss CANON,
Miss MATHEWS,
Mrs. MOORE,
Miss BRADY,
Mrs. JOHN H. DYKERS,

Mrs. DR. BEALES,
Mrs. FRANCIS ALEXANDRE,
Mrs. WILLIAM E. ROBINSON,
Mrs. P. CALLAGHAN,
Mrs. E. KOHLY,
Mrs. JOHN A. RISTON,
Mrs. GEORGE V. POMEROY,
Miss SARAH BROWNSON,
Mrs. C. Y. WEMPLE,
Mrs. DOCTOR HOGAN,
Mrs. ROSWELL D. HATCH,
Mrs. LOUIS LECOUTEULX,
Mrs. HENRY LE BARBIER,
Miss THERIOT,
Mrs. CHARLES CAMPBELL,
Mrs. HENRY HUGHES,
Miss O'MARA,
Miss HAMBLIN,
Miss LOUISA EGAN,
Miss M. DOWLING,
Misses WALSH,
Mrs. SARAH SWEENEY,
Miss ANNIE BRENNAN,
Miss KATE MURPHY,
Miss JULIA CONWAY,
Miss JANE A. SPENCE,
Miss ANNIE WOOD.

P R E F A C E .

THE TITLE of this little work was suggested by the opening Rubric of the funeral service of children in the Roman Ritual, which directs the Priest to leave aside the dark robes of mourning, and to officiate in a WHITE STOLE (the emblem of innocence, and triumphant faith). In this spirit the author brings his collection of texts and epitaphs before the public, presenting it with especial affection and respect, as some slight meed of consolation, to every one of his readers who has had to mourn over the untimely death of a youthful relative or friend.

THAT POETRY has some influence in comforting households afflicted by the loss of a child, would seem to be proved by the almost universal custom of signalizing similar occasions by the use of rhymes on the tombstone, in the album, and even in the obituary column of the newspaper. Versification will not, it is hoped, lose its soothing virtue if the effort is made to accompany it with taste, and to make it the channel of religious motives of consolation.

THE TEXTS follow each other in the order in which they are found in the Bible. For the sake of variety, the text and epitaph have not been confined to the illustration of the same thought, although they always bear upon the same general subject. In selecting an inscription for a tombstone, the reader's taste may be better suited, perhaps, by adopting a text from one page and an epitaph from another.

THE EPITAPHS in this volume are original in form, but free use has been made of thoughts and suggestions, from whatever quarter they happened to present themselves.

God created man to his own image: to the image of God he created him.

GEN. i. 27.

I.

BRING Lilies white to the Infant's tomb,
For they are pure like him ;
Bring Roses bright, in ruddiest bloom—
Their hues will soon grow dim.

Bring Violets pale, that droop in grief,
Bring purple Amaranths blooming in death ;
Write some sweet verse on every leaf,
And blend with sighs their perfumed breath.

God formed man of the slime of the earth: and breathed into his face the breath of life, and man became a living soul.

GEN. ii. 7.

II.

DEATH stole her flower ; but as a tear
Made known the Mother's pain,
Religion whispered in her ear :
" I'll give it back again."

Behold, I will send my Angel, who shall go before thee, and keep thee in thy journey, and bring thee into the place that I have prepared.

EXOD. xxiii. 20.

III.

THIS beauteous little innocent
A Seraph chanced to see,
And said: "He cannot be of Earth,
I'll take him home with me."

Let my soul die the death of the just, and my last end be like to them.

NUM. xxiii. 10.

IV.

BABE! thou wert like a Lamb astray,
Pursued by wolves along the plain;
But the Good Shepherd traced thy way,
And bore thee to the fold again.

The Lord his God is with him ; and the sound of the victory of the King in him.

NUM. xxiii. 21.

V.

I SLEPT upon my Mother's breast,
And had a bright dream there ;
But when I wakened from my rest,
It melted into air.

Death folded me in his embrace :
Then I was dreaming too,
But woke up near the throne of grace,
And found my dream come true.

How beautiful are thy tabernacles, O Jacob, and thy tents, O Israel ! As woody valleys, as watered gardens near the rivers, as tabernacles which the Lord hath pitched; as cedars by the water-side.

NUM. xxiv. 5, 6.

VI.

A VOICE is heard on Rama's plain,
Near Bethlehem's holy grot;
Rachel bewails her children slain,
She weeps—for they are not.

He who alone had power to save,
In Egypt lay concealed;
But near the Christian infant's grave
The Saviour stands revealed.

For this child did I pray: and the Lord hath granted me my petition, which I asked of him. Therefore I also have lent him to the Lord, all the days of his life.

I. KINGS, i. 27, 28.

VII.

HE bent his angel wing from heaven,
To visit earth's domain;
But getting near, drew back with fear,
And soared to heaven again.

While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept for him : for I said : Who knoweth whether the Lord may not give him to me, and the child may live ? But now that he is dead, why should I fast ? Shall I be able to bring him back any more ? I shall go to him rather : but he shall not return to me.

II. KINGS, xii. 22, 23.

VIII.

WHILE Justice was slowly preparing his book,

The deeds to record of thy mortal career,

“Forbear !” Mercy cried, with a bright smiling
look,

“I have chartered that name for our own happy
sphere !”

My son, who would grant me that I might die for thee, my son !

II. KINGS, xviii. 33.

IX.

TELL me not that the infant's bier
Is a trophy of Death, nor bathe with a tear
Its verdant sod !

It is an altar which we raise,
In Nature's temple, to the praise
Of Nature's God !

*The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away : as it hath pleased
the Lord, so it is done : blessed be the name of the Lord.*

JOB, i. 21.

X.

WHERE is the friend who for thee can sigh,
When thou leavest this vale of tears for the sky?
When the Angels rejoice for a soul set free,
Where is the friend who can sigh for thee ?

If we have received good things at the hand of God, why should we not receive evil?

JOB, ii. 10.

XI.

GENTLE Mother, cease to weep
Near the tomb where rests thy boy ;
Thy beloved, from his sleep,
Hath awaked to heavenly joy.
If aught could make him weep, 'twould be
Thee in tears for him to see.

The fear which I feared, hath come upon me; and that which I was afraid of, hath befallen me.

Now the scourge is come upon thee, and thou faintest: it hath touched thee, and thou art troubled. Where is thy fear, thy fortitude, thy patience, and the perfection of thy ways?

JOB, iii. 25; iv. 5, 6.

XII.

BABE! our fond affection

Prompts us bid thee stay:

But a voice is calling,

Calling thee away:

Telling us be humble,

Telling thee thou'rt free:

“Suffer little children

To come unto me.”

Nothing upon earth is done without a cause, and sorrow doth not spring out of the ground. Blessed is the man whom God correcteth: refuse not therefore the chastising of the Lord: for he woundeth, and cureth, he striketh and his hands shall heal.

JOB, v. 6, 17, 18.

XIII.

If not much of joy I knew,
My griefs were light, and brief, and few

*Behold, this is even so, as we have searched out : which thou
having heard, consider it thoroughly in thy mind.*

JOB, v. 27.

XIV.

LIFE is a running stream—you, far below,
Draw turbid water from its earthy bed ;
More favored I at early morning go,
To drink it pure, e'en at the fountain-head.

The life of man upon earth is a warfare, and his days are like the days of an hireling.

Job, vii. 1.

XV.

MARBLE Urn, preserve the ashes
 Treasured in this silent tomb ;
Mark the sepulchre of childhood,
 'Till the day of final doom.

Weeping Willows, trail your branches
 Round the spot where rests our dead ;
Heaven has robed his soul in glory :
 Earth, lie gently on his head.

My days have passed more swiftly than the web is cut by the weaver.

JOB, vii. 6.

XVI.

READER, you pause and pity me,
By Death untimely slain ;
Take heed, or you may envy me
When I shall rise again.

*My days have been swifter than a post: they have fled away
and have not seen good. They have passed by as ships carrying
fruits, as an eagle flying to the prey.*

JOB, IX. 25, 26.

XVII.

YOUNG sleeper, as thy lips grew chill,
Men wept around thy bier;
But Angels, when thy breath was still,
With hymns of joy drew near.

Thou hast granted me life and mercy, and thy visitation hath preserved my spirit.

JOB, x. 12.

XVIII.

OF the millions of men whom thy power could
have made,

It pleased thee from nothing to summon forth
me ;

Of the millions of men whom thy grace could have
saved,

Thou hast called me to-day, O my God ! unto
thee.

Without merit or claim in thy presence divine,
Still both in my birth and my death I am thine.

Carried from the womb to the grave.

JOB, x. 19.

XIX.

THAT often may but misery be,
That seems a joy to human eyes;
And man may still misfortune see,
In what is Mercy in disguise.
Our favorite child is now at rest ;
God orders all things for the best.

Thou shalt forget misery, and remember it only as waters that are passed away. Brightness like that of the noonday, shall arise to thee at evening; and when thou shalt think thyself consumed, thou shalt rise as the day-star. And then thou shalt have confidence, hope being set before thee; and being buried thou shalt sleep secure. Thou shalt rest, and there shall be none to make thee afraid: and many shall entreat thy face.

JOB, xi. 16-19.

XX.

WHEN the Mariner first spread his sails to the wind,
Men thought him imprudently bold,
But his vessel sped happily onward to find
A region of gems and of gold.
Thus I leave you, sweet friends, to prepare for your
rest,
A home of delights in the land of the blest.

Man born of a woman, living for a short time, is filled with many miseries. Who cometh forth like a flower, and is destroyed, and fleeth as a shadow, and never continueth in the same state.

JOB, xiv. 1, 2.

XXI.

MOTHER dearest, on this earth
Thou hast prayed for me;
Raised to heaven, by second birth,
I shall pray for thee.
God will let me know and love
My sweet mother, from above.

The days of man are short, and the number of his months is with thee : thou hast appointed his bounds which cannot be passed.

JOB, xiv. 5.

XXII.

HE who lies here was not renowned on earth ;
Nor yet for skill, or deeds of valor done,
Distinguished from his fellows : brief the life
Whose trophies deck this spot. Yet treasured in it
Were all a Mother's love, a Father's hopes,
Now wrecked upon this monumental stone.
But let the tomb of Innocence teach thee,
O passer-by ! a moral to remember :
Death is life's echo—see to it that thy life
Make music fit for Angels' ears ; then sweetly
Will sound the closing tone, and furnish forth
The key-note of a blest Eternity.

I know that my Redeemer liveth ; and in the last day I shall rise out of the earth : and I shall be clothed again with my skin, and in my flesh I shall see my God ; whom I myself shall see, and my eyes shall behold, and not another : this my hope is laid up in my bosom.

JOB, xix. 25-27.

XXIII.

THE name is my own on the cold gray stone ;
Yet fear me not—draw near ;
Were the dead to arise before thine eyes,
Only a Babe would appear.

There is no power upon earth that can be compared with him who was made to fear no one. He beholdeth every high thing, he is king over all the children of pride.

JOB, xli. 24, 25.

XXIV.

WHAT is a grave? 'Tis an open door:

I enter as others have entered before;

But passing its threshold, I know that I

Shall come out again on my way to the sky.

*I have slept and have taken my rest : and I have risen up, because
the Lord hath protected me.*

PSALM iii. 6.

XXV.

As a falling drop o'er a wintry field,
Ere it reaches the ground, is oft congealed ;
As a snowy flake o'er a southern main
Melts away ere it touches the liquid plain ;
I was seized by Death at my very birth,
On my way from heaven to this warm, green Earth.
But the freezing drop and the melting snow
Shall exhale and shine 'round heaven's bright bow,
And my spirit shall spring from earth's domain,
On bright wings back to the sky again.

*In peace in the self same I will sleep, and I will rest : for thou, O
Lord, singularly hast settled me in hope.*

PSALM iv. 9, 10.

XXVI.

My grave is dug—the church-yard earth
Is strewn upon me now,
But not before the wave of life
Has washed my infant brow.

Swathed in the stiff and formal shroud,
My corpse to earth is given,
But clad in bright baptismal robe,
My soul ascends to heaven.

O Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear my voice. In the morning I will stand before thee, and will see. In the multitude of thy mercy, I will come into thy house ; I will worship towards thy holy temple, in thy fear.

PSALM v. 4, 5, 8.

XXVII.

BEAUTIFUL butterfly, soar through the air,
Like to a floating gem so rare ;
Like to a flower on wings so fair,
Beautiful butterfly, soar through the air.
The symbol art thou of a spirit of light
Breaking free from the bondage of earth and of
night.

Out of the mouth of infants and of sucklings thou hast perfected praise, because of thy enemies, that thou mayst destroy the enemy and the avenger. For I will behold thy heavens, the works of thy fingers : the moon and the stars which thou hast founded.

PSALM viii. 3, 4.

XXVIII.

THE voice of God at midnight broke
The infant Samuel's sleep ;
Of coming strife and toil it spoke,
Of vengeance dark and deep.

I, too, have heard that voice at night
Come whispering in my dwelling ;
Not war to others, but to me
Eternal peace foretelling.

*Thou liftest me up from the gates of death, that I may declare
all thy praises in the gates of the daughter of Sion. I will rejoice
in thy salvation.*

PSALM ix. 15, 16.

XXIX.

To Life for Death wert given,
How near is Earth to Heaven !

*My heart shall rejoice in thy salvation : I will sing to the Lord,
who giveth me good things : yea, I will sing to the name of the Lord
the most High.*

PSALM xii. 6.

XXX.

BETTER die in blessedness,
Than sully life with wickedness !

*Lord, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle? or who shall rest in thy
holy hill? He that walketh without blemish, who hath not used deceit
in his tongue, nor hath done evil to his neighbor.*

PSALM xiv. 1-3.

XXXI.

LIFE is done—
Heaven is won:
He's at rest
With the Blest!

The Lord is the portion of my inheritance and of my cup : it is thou that wilt restore my inheritance to me. The lines are fallen unto me in goodly places : for my inheritance is goodly to me. Therefore my heart hath been glad, and my tongue hath rejoiced : moreover my flesh also shall rest in hope. Because thou wilt not leave my soul in death, nor wilt thou give thy holy one to see corruption.

PSALM XV. 5, 6, 9, 10.

XXXII.

LIFE is an Ocean,
Of tempests the sport ;
I've escaped its commotion,
And gained Heaven's port.

O incline thy ear unto me, and hear my words. Shew forth thy wonderful mercies ; thou who savest them that trust in thee. From them that resist thy right hand keep me, as the apple of thy eye. Protect me under the shadow of thy wings. I shall be satisfied when thy glory shall appear.

PSALM xvi. 6-8, 15.

XXXIII.

OUR hearts and eyes are full, sweet Babe ; and yet
We strive to bow, and humbly trust in God,
Who proves our faith as gold is proved by fire.

Thou hast set on his head a crown of precious stones. He asked life of thee : and thou hast given him length of days for ever and ever. His glory is great in thy salvation : glory and great beauty shalt thou lay upon him. For thou shalt give him to be a blessing for ever and ever : thou shalt make him joyful in gladness with thy countenance.

PSALM XX. 4-6.

XXXIV.

LIKE thy brief day our grief will end ;
All earth-born things must die :
Eternal as the love of God
Thy joy shall last on high.

To Him my soul shall live.

PSALM xxi. 31.

XXXV.

IF you ask me why the Almighty
Chose to call me forth from nothing,
Chose that Death should then remove me,
I will answer, I will tell you
That he did so in his wisdom,
With the aim of teaching worldlings,
That the body which they value
Is in his sight worth but little ;
That the soul, by them neglected,
He holds dear, and they should care for.

Who shall ascend into the mountain of the Lord : or who shall stand in his holy place ? The innocent in hands, and clean of heart.

PSALM xxiii. 3, 4.

XXXVI.

FROM nothing I was made, yet I do live ;
I have no merit, yet saved I shall be :
My time is short, yet to me it doth give
The right to reign through all eternity.
'Tis mystery all ; yet I shall pierce the sky,
And learn what God is then, and what am I.

*One thing I have asked of the Lord, this will I seek after ; that
I may dwell in the house of the Lord, all the days of my life.*

PSALM xxvi. 4.

XXXVII.

THE King of Heaven, to show the world
His power, had formed a precious gem ;
But at its rare perfection pleased,
He placed it in his diadem.

My father and my mother have left me: but the Lord hath taken me up.

PSALM xxvi. 10.

XXXVIII.

A SOUL endowed with powers of will and thought
Appeared, and then from this obscure abode
Returned, says groveling Sophistry, to naught:
Returned, say Faith and Reason, to its God.

*Into thy hands I commend my spirit : thou hast redeemed me, O
Lord, the God of truth.*

PSALM xxx. 6.

XXXIX

ETERNITY before thy birth,
Eternity after thou leavest the earth :
What then is Time by men possest ?
A bubble on the Ocean's breast !

*Blessed is the man to whom the Lord hath not imputed sin, and
in whose spirit there is no guile.*

PSALM xxxi. 2.

XL.

O SAINTED Infant! while we weep
Where Innocence hath gone to sleep,
Pray that when we in death recline,
Our slumber may be calm like thine.

*With thee is the fountain of life: and in thy light we shall see
light.*

PSALM xxxv. 10.

XLI.

AWAY with the emblems of grief from the bier
Of the Infant whom Heaven has marked for its
own;
Be the roses we strew unprofaned by a tear;
Be the anthem we sing, of rejoicing alone.

Thou hast upheld me by reason of my innocence ; and hast established me in thy sight for ever.

PSALM xl. 13.

XLII.

A GUARDIAN Angel led him to the shore
Where souls embark upon life's stormy sea ;
But turning from the angry billows' roar,
The Infant cried : " Oh ! take me back with thee."

I will go in to the altar of God, to God who giveth joy to my youth.

PSALM xlii. 4.

XLIII.

OFTTIMES, when the day is dawning,
Falls a dew-drop to the plain,
And the sun, as soon as risen,
Draws it to the skies again :
Thus goes the child, by early death,
To the bosom of Him who gave it breath.

Oft a drop will leave the ocean,
And for years will struggle sore ;
Freezing, melting, traveling onward,
'Till it reach the deep once more.
Thus man, though late in years he fall,
Returns, at last, to the God of all.

*In thy tabernacle I shall dwell for ever : I shall be protected
under the covert of thy wings.*

PSALM lx. 5.

XLIV.

HAIL and Farewell, Child-Angel ! latest Guest
At Life and Reason's festival, meek Novice
Accepted ere yet sworn, last gift of love
From Heaven to Earth—last sacrifice of Earth
To Heaven : Hail, and for evermore Farewell !

Blessed is he whom thou hast chosen, and taken to thee : he shall dwell in thy courts.

PSALM lxiv. 5.

XLV.

A MINER finding precious ore,
Esteems it as a gain ;
But drops the earth so prized before,
And hoards the golden grain.

So now the infant's rifled clay
Back to the earth is given ;
The golden grain is borne away,
And treasured up in heaven.

*How lovely are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! my soul
longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord. My heart and
and my flesh have rejoiced in the living God.*

PSALM lxxxiii. 2, 3.

XLVI.

A TENDER plant adorned this earthly vale ;

But gathered hence by Mercy's gentle hand,
'Twas wafted where no chilling winds assail

The floral treasures of a happier land,
Where the young roses blush, but never pale.

Now by the breath of perfumed zephyrs fanned,
And clothed in beauty Time cannot impair,
'Neath Mercy's smile it shines, and blossoms there.

The sparrow hath found herself a house, and the turtle a nest for herself where she may lay her young ones : thy altars, O Lord of hosts, my king and my God ! Blessed are they that dwell in thy house, O Lord, they shall praise thee for ever and ever.

PSALM lxxxiii. 4, 5.

XLVII.

HAPPY is the tomb where the early dead
In the sleep of peace hath pillowed his head,
Ere he felt the griefs of this dark abode,
Or the world usurped what was made for God.

A thousand years in thy sight are as yesterday, which is past.

PSALM lxxxix. 4.

XLVIII.

LET Grief in sable weeds repine,
By the sombre pile where worldlings lie ;
O'er thee we raise a spotless shrine,
And sculpture Hope with heaven-turned eye.

He hath given his Angels charge over thee ; to keep thee in all thy ways. In their hands they shall bear thee up.

PSALM xc. 11, 12.

XLIX.

CHRISTIAN Art, o'er this shrine where a child is at
rest,
Madonna's mild features hath sweetly exprest,
To soothe the fond mother who comes to weep here,
With the thoughts of a higher and holier sphere.

As a father hath compassion on his children, so hath the Lord compassion on them that fear him. He remembereth that we are dust : man's days are as grass, as the flower of the field so shall he flourish. For the spirit shall pass in him, and he shall not be : and he shall know his place no more. But the mercy of the Lord is from eternity and unto eternity upon them that fear him.

PSALM cii. 13-17.

L.

THOU camest into life a tear to shed ;
To smile, and then to mingle with the dead :
What more wouldst thou have gained in fourscore
 years ?
What is in longest life, but smiles and tears ?

Our soul hath been delivered, as a sparrow out of the snare of the fowlers. The snare is broken, and we are delivered.

PSALM cxxiii. 7.

LI.

He came at morn—ere daylight fled,
His earthly life was gone :
When sun and moon and stars are dead,
His soul shall still live on.

*Lord, what is man, that thou art made known to him ? or the son
of man, that thou makest account of him ? Man is like to vanity :
his days pass away like a shadow.*

PSALM cxliii. 3, 4.

LII.

FROM God the Father's bosom in the sky,
Jesus, into his Mother's arms descended ;
But thou hast from thy Mother's arms, on high,
E'en to the bosom of thy God, ascended.
He made himself a child like unto thee,
That so his death, sweet boy, thy life might be.

He pleased God, and was beloved, and living among sinners, he was translated. He was taken away lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul. Being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time.

WISDOM, iv. 10, 11, 13.

LIII.

THE Infant's life wouldst thou repeat?

The Infant's death is all his story;

The Infant's tomb is at thy feet;

The Infant's home, in endless glory.

The hope of the wicked is as dust which is blown away with the wind ; and as a thin froth which is dispersed by the storm ; and as smoke that is scattered abroad by the wind ; and as the remembrance of a guest of one day that passeth by. But the just shall live for evermore : and their reward is with the Lord, and the care of them with the most High.

WISDOM, v. 15, 16.

LIV.

MOTHER ! caressingly
Bent o'er thy Boy,
Death has distressingly
Robbed thee of joy.

He was too beautiful
For earth's abode ;
Try and be dutiful—
Give him to God.

The corruptible body is a load upon the soul, and the earthly habitation presseth down the mind.

WISDOM, ix. 15.

LV.

THE Oil and Chrism upon thy brow,
All holy have remained ;
Thy burning light and garment white
Are still undimmed, unstained.

To wicked pomps or worldly works
Thy thoughts shall ne'er be given :
God wills thou shalt not serve on earth,
But reign at once in Heaven.

Going into the house, they found the child with Mary his mother : and falling down, they adored him : and opening their treasures, they offered to him gifts, gold, frankincense, and myrrh,

MATT. ii. 11.

LVI.

THE rosebud withered on its stem,
The blossom dropping from its tree,
Stolen away the precious gem,
My loved, lost child, are like to thee.

A torch deserted by its ray,
A tree that's robbed of every leaf,
A ring whose gem is borne away,
Are emblems of thy mother's grief.

Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremias, the prophet, saying : A voice in Rama was heard, lamentation and great mourning : Rachel bewailing her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not.

MATT. ii. 17, 18.

LVII.

AS THE surface of a stream is frozen fast,
On a wintry morn, by a polar blast,
My outward form grew cold and still,
'Neath the frost of Death's untimely chill.

And as the waters, though hidden, glide
'Neath their icy pall to the Ocean's tide,
So my spirit lives on, and plunges free
In the fathomless deep of Eternity.

Blessed are they that mourn : for they shall be comforted.

MATT. v. 5.

LVIII.

THE power of Nature shifts the scene,
And light at morning flows,
Where o'er the vale and forest green
Dark clouds at evening rose.

Thus, doubt it not, diviner power
Will soothe the bitter pain
That tries your hearts in this sad hour,
And all will smile again.

Blessed are the clean of heart: for they shall see God.

MATT. v. 8.

LIX.

THY Faith was never blind; for scarcely born,
Thou sawest the light of Heavens eternal morn.
What Hope is, thou couldst only understand
By looking backward from the promised land;
Thy Saviour granted Faith and Hope to thee,
Made perfect in eternal Charity.

Father, thy will be done!

MATT. vi. 10.

LX.

WHAT is Life? 'Tis a breath, a dream—
A melting note—a meteor's gleam—
A falling leaf—a passing wave—
A step from the cradle to the grave!

*Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven. . . . Where thy
treasure is, there is thy heart also.*

MATT. vi. 20, 21.

LXI.

WILL He who feeds the little bird,
And clothes the flowrets of the field,
Who made thee by his mighty word,
To nothingness thy spirit yield?
No! like a bird thou'lt upward fly,
And like a flowret bloom on high.

Jesus said : Give place, for the girl is not dead, but sleepeth.

MATT. ix. 24.

LXII.

ONCE again, departed spirit,
Earthward thou shalt wing thy flight ;
Giving form to these blest ashes,
Giving warmth, and life, and light.

Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and not one of them shall fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not, therefore: you are of more value than many sparrows.

MATT. x. 29-31.

LXIII.

THY soul was like a Dove, distressed
By vultures in the air;
But seeking the Good Shepherd's breast,
It nestled safely there.

Come to me, all you that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you. Take up my yoke upon you, and learn of me, because I am meek and humble of heart: and you shall find rest to your souls.

MATT. xi. 28, 29.

LXIV.

STRANGER, who treadest the home of the dead,
Where silence reigns all around,
Pray that like the child who here rests his head,
Thou mayest be ready to hear without dread
The Archangel's trumpet sound.

Whoever will save his life, shall lose it: and he that shall lose his life for my sake, shall find it. For what doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?

MATT. xvi. 25, 26.

LXV.

WOULDST thou have loved too much earth's tempt-
ing joys,
That Mercy called thee from its dangerous toys?
Or wouldst have had to brave too rude a strife,
And Justice freed thee from the load of life?
Mysterious are God's decrees. No more!
We cannot fathom, let us then adore.

Jesus calling unto him a little child, set him in the midst of them, and said: Amen I say unto you, unless you be converted, and become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, he is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

MATT. xviii. 2-4.

LXVI.

HE was bõrn—O! what joy at his birth was shown!
He is dead—O! what grief at his death was known!
Learn ye who doat on mortal treasure,
Pain follows in the path of Pleasure.

Then were little children presented to him, that he should lay his hands upon them, and pray. And the disciples rebuked them. But Jesus said to them: Suffer the little children, and forbid them not to come to me: for the kingdom of heaven is for such.

MATT. xix. 12, 13.

LXVII.

THE soul of Infants is a virgin page,
Malice may blot with foulest profanation:
Thine the fond Saviour's hand, from earliest age,
Sealed with a lasting earnest of salvation.

Many that are first, shall be last : and the last shall be first.

MATT. xix. 30.

LXVIII.

PIERCED by the thorns of suffering and unrest,
He lay and wept throughout the livelong day,
When sunset came, God to his bosom pressed
The favored child, and kissed his tears away.

The chief priests and Scribes, seeing the wonderful things that he did, and the children crying in the temple, and saying: Hosanna to the son of David: were moved with indignation: and said to him: Hearest thou what these say? And Jesus said to them: Yea; have you never read: Out of the mouth of infants and of sucklings thou hast perfected praise?

MATT. xxi. 15, 16.

LXIX.

THOU who wast man! say, what was thine on
Earth?

“A pillow and a sod!”

What hast thou gained by life of such poor worth?

“Eternity and God.”

He shall send his angels with a trumpet, and a great voice; and they shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from the farthest parts of the heavens, to the utmost bounds of them.

MATT. xxiv. 31.

LXX.

A STAR came forth, and through the night
It shed a beauteous ray ;
Then, upward borne from mortal sight,
Merged in eternal day.

Heaven and earth shall pass ; but my words shall not pass.

MATT. xxiv. 35.

LXXI.

WHEN is life long enough? Angels tell:
When it is long enough to die well.

Watch ye, therefore ; because ye know not the day nor the hour.

MATT. XXV. 13.

LXXII.

To THE battle of life as a warrior I came :

I might have proved false before night ;

But the Conqueror's wreath now encircles my
name,

Though I fell in the morn of the fight.

The king shall say to them that shall be on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, possess the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.

MATT. XXV. 34.

LXXIII.

FULL many tears, O dearest ! we have shed,
And many more will flow now thou art dead ;
Yet from thy Mother's eyes in heaven one day,
Thy little hands shall wipe her tears away.

The angel answering said to the women : Fear not you : for I know that you seek Jesus who was crucified. He is not here, for he is risen, as he said. Come and see the place where the Lord was laid.

MATT. xxviii. 5, 6.

LXXIV.

SPEAKS a voice to her that weepeth :

Weep no more—weep no more !

Maggie is not dead, she sleepeth :

Weep no more—weep no more !

Death may part, but shall not sever

Spirits made to live forever :

Weep no more—weep no more !

There arose a great storm of wind: and the waves beat into the ship, so that the ship was filled. And he was in the hinder part of the ship, sleeping upon a pillow: and they awake him, and say to him: Master, doth it not concern thee, that we perish? And rising up, he rebuked the wind, and said to the sea: Peace; be still. And the wind ceased: and there was made a great calm.

MARK, iv. 37, 38, 39.

LXXV.

DEATH sets me free
From earth's dull sod;
God lives in me,
I live in God.

While he was yet speaking, some come from the ruler of the synagogue's house, saying: Thy daughter is dead: Why dost thou trouble the master any farther? But Jesus having heard the word that was spoken, saith to the ruler of the synagogue: Fear not: only believe.

MARK, v. 35, 36.

LXXVI.

His little eyes are closed in death,
His lips are mute, and hushed his breath
Where naught but sights of grief abound,
Where naught but sighs of pain resound.

But he hath oped his little eyes,
To see the glory of the skies;
And 'mid the happy choirs above,
His lips now breathe a song of love.

*Why make you this ado, and weep? the damsel is not dead, but
sleepeth.*

MARK, v. 39.

LXXVII.

THE breezes o'er thy green bed sigh,
The sunbeams around it are playing ;
The wild-flowers on it bloom and die,
In their tributes an emblem displaying
Of fair, frail life, of fleeting light,
Of fragrance surviving death and night.

Taking a child, he set him in the midst of them : and when he had embraced him, he saith to them : Whosoever shall receive one such child as this in my name, receiveth me : and whoever shall receive me, receiveth not me, but him that sent me.

MARK, ix. 35, 36.

LXXVIII.

I SAW at morn a lark that rose and sang,
 Seized by the talons of a bird of prey ;
I saw a flower that on the meadow sprang,
 Crushed by a heedless foot which passed that way :
And then I thought of my sweet child, and cried
For thee, Bird of my joy, Flower of my pride.

They brought to him young children, that he might touch them. And the disciples rebuked them that brought them. And when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said to them: Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. And embracing them, and laying his hands upon them, he blessed them.

MARK, x. 13, 16.

LXXIX.

OUR Infant's birth—the latest miracle

The power of God hath chosen to reveal:

OUR Infant's death—the latest mystery

The love of God hath chosen to conceal.

*Amen I say to you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of
God as a little child, shall not enter into it.*

MARK, x. 15.

LXXX.

PARENTS, weep not for your flower,
'Twas uprooted but unriven ;
From the earth by gentle power,
'Twas transplanted into heaven.

Watch ye, therefore (for ye know not when the lord of the house cometh; at even, or at midnight, or at the cock crowing, or in the morning) lest, coming on a sudden, he find you sleeping. And what I say to you, I say to all: Watch.

MARK, xii. 35-37.

LXXXI.

WHEN thou wert born, all others smiled,
And thou alone wert crying:
All others cry, and thou alone
Art smiling, while thou art dying.

He that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved.

MATT. xvi. 16.

LXXXII.

HAPPY, pretty, little one,
Soon thy mortal race is run ;
Spread thy winglets, soar on high,
Angels beckon from the sky.
Thou wilt pine and weep no more,
As it was thy wont before ;
Thine shall be a life of pleasure,
Without end and without measure.

Behold, an angel of the Lord stood by the shepherds; and the brightness of God shone round about them: and they feared with a great fear. And the angel said to them: Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people: for this day is born to you a Saviour.

LUKE, ii. 9-11.

LXXXIII.

“FORBID not your Infant to come unto me.”

This command from on high has been given;
But 'tis added, fond Parents, to cheer your sad
 hearts:

“For of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

His mother said to him: Son, why hast thou done so to us? behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing. And he said to them: How is that you sought me? did you not know, that I must be about my Father's business? . . . And his Mother kept all these words in her heart.

LUKE, ii. 48, 51.

LXXXIV.

CHANT no solemn De Profundis,
Spread no crape around his bier,
Breathe not Requiem Æternam—
Mother Church forbids it here.
Let your stoles be silver bright;
Let the pall be virgin white.

Laudate Pueri Dominum
Laudate nomen Domini.
Gloria Patri Gloria

In sæculorum sæcula!—
There's a Pilgrim less in the Church to-night,
And an Angel more in the realms of light.

When the Lord had seen the widow, being moved with mercy towards her, he said to her: Weep not. And he came and touched the bier. And he said: Young man, I say to thee, arise. And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak. And he gave him to his mother.

LUKE, vii. 13-15.

LXXXV.

WHEN a sail on the breast of the deep is descried,
The mariner views it with pleasure and pride;
And when it is furled, though he sees it no more,
It still rides the waves as it rode them before.

One moment we saw thee, and hailed 'mid the
 strife
A companion, we hoped, through the journey of
 life;
And though from our vision thy light form is
 gone,
O'er Eternity's ocean thou still sailest on.

If the householder did know at what hour the thief would come, he would surely watch, and would not suffer his house to be broken open. Be you also ready : for at what hour you think not, the Son of man will come.

LUKE, xii. 39, 40.

LXXXVI.

RELIGION, ever equal, makes
Unequal fates the same ;
The Lord who gave, hath taken thee :
We bow, and bless his name.

Strive to enter by the narrow gate: for many, I say to you, shall seek to enter, and shall not be able.

LUKE, xiii. 24.

LXXXVII.

MY life, dear Parents, was too sad and brief
To know and love you 'mid the scenes of earth;
But in the land where sorrow finds relief,
I shall be taught to understand your worth;
I shall distinguish those who gave me birth,
And claim 'mid all the Angel faces near,
The loved ones whose home was filled with mirth
When I was born to them; whose hearts grew
sere,
What time I from them fled, and soared to
heaven's bright sphere.

This my son was dead, and is come to life again ; he was lost, and is found.

LUKE, xvi. 24.

LXXXVIII.

BESIDE the sufferer's couch, all night
I watched, in silence, weeping,
And scarcely breathed, for fear I might
Disturb my infant sleeping.

Sweet fancies now began to smile,
Of Hope's bright hue partaking ;
I knew not that he slept, meanwhile,
The sleep that knows no waking.

They brought to him also infants, that he might touch them.

LUKE, xviii. 15.

LXXXIX.

A CLOUD, illumined by a ray,
Shines dazzling like the orb of day,
When of the ray it is bereft,
Naught but a melting vapor's left ;
Yet to the Sun the ray returns,
And brightly there forever burns.
Thy body was that cloud, dear child ;
The ray, thy spirit undefiled ;
Thy God, the sun : his radiant brow
Pours heavenly glory on thee now.

Amen I say to you, there is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive much more in this present time, and in the world to come, life everlasting.

LUKE, xviii. 29, 30.

XC.

A PEARL, when found, is borne away
In royal courts to shine;
The shell encasing it, is thrown
Back to its native brine.
Thy body thus to earth is given;
Thy soul shines in the court of heaven.

I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, although he be dead, shall live: and every one that liveth, and believeth in me, shall not die for ever.

JOHN, xi. 25, 26.

XCI.

FROM a seed hid away in the bosom of Earth,
A plant springs forth, obscure in its birth;
But soon through the crust of its native clay
It lifts itself to the light of day;
And now in the soft and balmy air,
Buddeth and bloometh the flowret fair.
So I rise o'er nature, and time, and space,
To shine forever in the world of grace.

If the spirit of him, who raised up Jesus from the dead, dwell in you : he that raised up Jesus Christ from the dead, shall quicken also your mortal bodies, because of his Spirit dwelling in you.

ROM. viii. 11.

XCII.

“SON! why hast thou done so to us?”

The Saviour’s Mother cried.

“I had my Father’s work to do,”

The heavenly Child replied.

These words must soothe the mother’s heart

Who weeps o’er this green sod:

Her son has left her to obey

His Father and his God.

*O the depth of the riches, of the wisdom and of the knowledge of
God ! How incomprehensible are his judgments, and how unsearch-
able his ways !*

ROM. xi. 33.

XCIII.

WHEN an Archer from his bow
Shoots an arrow toward the sky,
Ofttimes he who stands below
Cannot reach it with his eye.
Child of Earth, e'en so art thou,
Lost to those who mourn thee now.

Yet although 'tis out of sight,
Still the arrow's truly there ;
If the archer looks aright,
Soon he sees it in the air.
Child of Earth ! e'en so, once more,
We shall see thee as before.

None of us liveth to himself: and no man dieth to himself. For, whether we live, we live to the Lord ; or whether we die, we die to the Lord. Therefore, whether we live, or whether we die, we are the Lord's. For to this end Christ died, and rose again: that he might be Lord both of the dead and of the living.

ROM. xiv. 7, 8, 9.

XCIV.

A GEM was given to us in trust
From God's bright treasury on high:
The casket moulders in the dust,
The gem is sparkling in the sky.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, what things God hath prepared for them that love him.

I. COR. ii. 9.

XCV.

MILITANT Church! Ark on the sea!
Hail, all hail, and farewell to thee!
I plunge not forth 'mid the tempest's ire:
I touch not the pool of purging fire;
To the Church triumphant sped by thee,
I shall there learn all thou hast done for me.

By a man came death, and by a man the resurrection of the dead. And as in Adam all die, so also in Christ all shall be made alive.

I. COR. xv. 21, 22.

XCVI.

ALL are travelers here below
Journeying towards the land of rest:
Weep no more for him : we know
He's at home among the blest.

When this mortal hath put on immortality, then shall come to pass the saying that is written : Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?

I. COR. xv. 54, 55.

XCVII.

I AM a nursling of the Earth ;
Wrapped in the clay from which I sprang, I'm
sleeping ;

The day that smiled upon my birth,
Beheld fond parents o'er my death-couch weeping.

Leaving the vale of tears and strife,
I wend my way up God's eternal mountain ;
And from this dark and dreary life,
I go to seek of light the living fountain.

All chastisement for the present indeed seemeth not to bring with it joy, but sorrow : but afterwards it will yield to them that are exercised by it, the most peaceable fruit of justice.

HEB. xii. 11.

XCVIII.

THERE are two roads to Heaven :

The road of Innocence is one ;

But Penance, too, for all is given

Who truly mourn o'er evil done.

The first at morning leads me to my home ;

Tread thou the second, ere the evening come.

I saw the holy city new Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice from the throne saying : Behold the tabernacle of God with men ; and he will dwell with them : And they shall be his people : and God himself with them shall be their God : And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes : and death shall be no more ; nor mourning, nor crying, nor sorrow shall be any more ; for the former things are passed away.

Apoc. xxi. 2-4.

XCIX.

THE last farewell is spoken,
By hearts with sorrow swelling ;
We've borne him from his dwelling
And reached his narrow tomb.

All mortal ties are broken ;
His body here reposes :
But heaven's blue vault uncloses,
To take his spirit home.

His servants shall serve him : and they shall see his face : and his name shall be on their foreheads. And night shall be no more : and they shall not need the light of a lamp, nor the light of the sun ; for the Lord God shall enlighten them ; and they shall reign for ever and ever.

Apoc. xxii. 3-5.

C.

UPON his mortuary couch

The torch no longer burns ;

We've borne him to the house of death,

Where dust to dust returns.

Our lips may cease to sing his name,

Our wreaths to deck his brow :

Angels are crowning him with flowers,

And singing to him now.